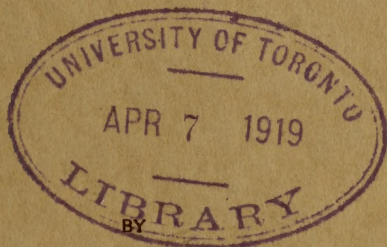


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DETROIT SONGS



DAVID CHALMERS NIMMO

Author of

"Nature Songs," "Home Songs,"
"Soul Songs," "Soldier Songs," "Songs and Tales," etc.

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A DETROITER'S WAR SONG

Oh nation, the home and defender
Of liberty, hope and the free!
That Spirit and all her attender
Are looking and calling to thee.
Stand up! Are ye true and the loyal?
Faith, honor and right do ye prize?
With Life can ye stand as the royal?
Rise, rise, for democracy rise!
Rise, rise, 'tis the day of the battle!
The tyrants are strong and despise.
Are ye free or the slaves and the chattel?
Rise, rise for democracy, rise!

They thought thee the servant of dollars;
Scorned, trampled, dishonored and drowned;
As far as the limits of patience
So fierce is the passions' rebound.
The war blasts are sounding like thunder;
They peal through the earth and the arch;
Hark, hark! They are coming in millions.
March, march for democracy march!
Make democracy safe for the ages!
World wide make her base and her arch!
Hark, hark! They are coming in millions.
March, march, for democracy march!

Thy fathers were famous in story
And founded this state of the free,
Full purged the disgrace from the glory,
Behold them appealing to thee!
The republics that Liberty founded
Have bled and now bleed for their rights.
The tyrants thee baited and hounded,
Fight, fight, for democracy fight!
Fight, fight, for democracy fight!
Cast globes on the causes of right!
Though earth should be drunken and stagger
Fight, fight, for democracy, fight!

The President writes it in story,
Old Glory's new glory unfurled,
'Tis virtue and justice and honor,
Democracy safe for the world.
All nations in friendship united,
None slaying or slaughtered for gain,
The whole world to Liberty plighted,
Reign, reign, Oh Democracy reign!
Line up with the fiercest of fighters!
Thy loss is humanity's gain!
The sacrifice lives in the glory,
Reign, reign, oh Democracy reign!

A DETROITER'S STATE SONG

Oh hail to the state that is girded round
By the elements strong and free!
For the grand old nurse has Michigan bound
By the virtues of the sea.
In the very heart of a hemisphere
By old nature's first decrees
Our Michigan rose from the crystal clear
As queen of the inland seas.
We're the sons of the inland seas!
The sons of the inland seas!
For virtue, for counsel or war
We will march on the line most fore,
The sons of the inland seas.

The spirit divine of the ocean vast
Sweeps Michigan's passionate breast;
And the fierce north storms and the winter blast
Feed soul with a vital zest.
We will drink the airs; we invite the wind
And stand like the old pine trees,
Striking deeper roots, growing higher kind
And manhood of unbent knees.
We're the sons of the inland seas! etc.

The ways and the war and the heroes great
Are past and forever done;
Peace, virtue and thought are a higher state,
And a better man must run.
Be Michigan strong in the ways of peace!

Let our toil unbreed disease!
Let justice and right with our wealth increase!
New happiness, health and ease!
We're the sons of the inland seas! etc.

Our Michigan stands to the forward years;
Her sons and daughters arise;
Fair Detroit leads such a line of peers
As delights the nation's eyes.
"Hail! Hail to the times! More hail to the years!"
We cast on the lake-born breeze.
With a strength and hope that can know no fears,
We're the sons of the inland seas .
We're the sons of the inland seas! etc.

DETROIT FAMED THE BEAUTIFUL

"Detroit famed the beautiful!"
I heard a stranger sing.
I bowed in shame, stood up in pride
And marched forth as a king,
A golden trumpet now I sound,
Oh harken! Don't you hear?
My city's praises roll around
And climb the mod'rn sphere.
Detroit famed the beautiful
Was mother unto me.
Was ever such a matchless Queen?
Who ever such did see?
Detroit famed the beautiful
Was mother unto me!

Detroit famed the beautiful!
Home, home, dear memoried home!
Though but a shack thou wouldst surpass
The splendors of old Rome.
A high betrothed for youthful hope,
A consort for a king,
Thy progeny are royal born,
Loud, loud thy praises ring!
Detroit famed the beautiful, etc.

Detroit famed the beautiful!
Bright, splendored and renowned;

A city like the Queen of life
With grace and glory crowned.
A river glorious bathes her feet,
Above sun splendors shine;
Great nature's breath her bosom sweeps;
Her heart is full of wine.
Detroit famed the beautiful, etc.

Detroit famed the beautiful!
Thy fountains rich and rife
With passion, pulse and power and poise
Are feeding full my life.
Keen, fresh and swift as mountain streams,
Deep, panting like the skies,
Resourceful as the earth that teems
I feel thee in me rise.
Detroit famed the beautiful, etc.

Detroit famed the beautiful!
I pledge myself to thee;
Thy empire and thy scepter sway
O'er all the globe of "me." ..
I swell with pride to hear thy fame,
Delight to see thee rise,
Thy weal shall be my highest aim
As soul forever cries:
Detroit famed the beautiful, etc.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN'S QUEEN

Old Nature has Michigan bounded,
And girded her strong as the sea.
Beneath in her bosom unsounded
Fed passion as noble and free.
From lake unto lake and now o'er us
Her cities now sing like the trees.
Hark! Hark! There's a song in the chorus:
"Detroit is Michigan's Queen."
Hark! Hark! There's a song in the chorus:
"Detroit is Michigan's Queen."

Detroit is young in her passion;
Is rich in her sinews and soul;
Goes forth in the noblest fashion;
Is true to the virtues that pole.

While fronting the ages of science
And blue prints whose greatness doth screen
We shout with new life in alliance:
"Detroit is Michigan's Queen."
We shout with new life in alliance:
"Detroit is Michigan's Queen."

Detroit is climbing and growing,
A power that is forming the state;
Life's finest of furniture showing,
Our manhood and womanhood great.
From toil, loss and struggle we borrow
The virtues and honors so green
That sing both in joy and in sorrow:
"Detroit is Michigan's Queen."
That sing both in joy and in sorrow:
"Detroit is Michigan's Queen."

Detroit the future is courting;
She stands with her face to the east;
The oracles rich are reporting,
Her life shall be noble increased.
Oh large be the lines of her story!
Grow, grow to the vision serene!
Still singing while wearing life's glory:
"Detroit is Michigan's Queen."
Still singing while wearing life's glory
"Detroit is Michigan's Queen."

A DETROITER'S CIVIC SONG

On the Campus Square 'mong the masses there
Soul is often lost in thought.
And the visions fine that are full of wine
Has the spirit found and taught.
Then the nobler soul that the passions pole
From the silence pours a sound,
Pours a civic strain from the heart and brain
Of the masses surging round.

In Detroit's breast I was cradled first
And the new world's passionate soul
With impulses vast in my being burst
As the ocean tides that roll.

With her fresh young life, with her youth so rife,
With prime that old nature gives
And this modern sense with these powers immense,
I live as the mother lives.

I can rest alone in the city's heart
Her pulse has a vigorous beat;
I am blind and lost when from her I part,
But alive where her humans meet.
There the floods of life like the surging sea
Burst into my mortal breast;
And the cosmic song of the free and strong
Feeds dreams of immortal zest.

I delight to stand on the Campus square
With the works of man around;
Then I back myself 'gainst the structures there
And enlarge my spirit's bound.
I am vaster far than the steel girt towers
Or gods of the strife and gain.
Like a master there all the place and powers
I hold in my heart and brain.

There's a pleasure keen in the thronging mass;
There's a joy where the many meet;
Each electric soul doth a current pass
With an incandescent heat.
From the central heart are the batteries charged;
With both is my being wired;
Every contact there has the man enlarged
And the spirit fed and fired.

As around I walk, what an atmosphere
That the gods of old might quaff!
'Tis the wine of life. With a boundless cheer
I uplift it, drink and laugh.
Strong, erect and proud, wearing armor plate
Forged strong in the strife and strain,
I can stand alone, I can stand up straight
And march in the victor's train.

There's a quickening strife where the millions mart;
There's a crimson, crimson glow;
The spirit of life fills the mortal heart
And drives with resistless "go."

There electric souls are in tangle rife;
There the voltage often shocks;
But the man is found and the rending strife
Plants firm on the iron rocks.

There are always men on the crowded street,
The men who can stand and fight
For the wife and home and the child so sweet,
For man and the cause of right;
They are battle scarred, they are trained and tough,
King men for the court and camp;
In old nature's breast is no better stuff
Than men of the city's stamp.

I can feel myself in the city's heart;
'Tis war to the knife, I trow;
But the soldiers there in their struggles bart
Dreams none but the greatest know.
There's always life in the midst of strife;
There's strength where the battles rage;
There's a glorious glow both in friend and foe
And a rush where the strong engage.

Both the loss and gain and the joy and pain
I drink with an equal jest.
"Be the Lord of life in the peace and strife!"
Is law to my iron breast.
I am not the saint which the preachers paint
Nor sinner the high priests damn;
Just the common type with a heavier stripe
Of the good and bad I am.

Oh many a time on the Campus square
When I walked in pomp and pride
A remorseless strength did a punch impart
Till the count was more than cried.
As the great are bowed, as the strong are thrashed,
I was taught as they teach the wise,
But another rose and upon him glows
What the years supremest prize.

With a pen of fire and a high desire
Now the City strikes a plan.
'Tis a noble sketch. There's a catch and fetch
In her dream of civic man.

For the virtuous cause, for the purer laws,
For the man and Detroit great,
Let me stand and fight with a Roman's might
Till I pass night's shadowed gate!

From my mother's heart I can never part;
I'm cogged in the vast machine;
The increasing swirl to my spirits hurl
Life's spice and her relish keen.
Take the peace and balm of the county calm,
But give me the crowded mart!
Let my spirits run where they first begun
And course through Detroit's heart!

DETROIT FOR ME

Detroit said: "Come!" I sprang from my sleep
A spirit of life with the passions that leap.
She harnessed to toil and she taught me to think
And burned in me shame if my courage dare sink.
The place of my birth and the days of my school,
The craft of my hand and the head that doth rule!
She planted me here and here sketched out the plan
The ambitions and hopes that our youth eager scan.
I sing to the state and her cities so free:
"Detroit for me! Detroit for me!"

Detroit said: "Live!" I went into life
And found it was selfishness, sorrow and strife.
I battled and lost and I suffered and won
Now the circles of life as a victor I run.
I'm proud of my city and glow with the glow
Of the mother's rich heart that is feeding me "go."
The punch of the strife I can take it and give
And giving or taking still better can live;
Singing free as the wind and as strong as a tree:
"Detroit for me! Detroit for me!"

Detroit said: "Grow!" I looked at my pelf,
Grew shriveled and dwarfed and ashamed of myself,
But a look from her face and within me did rise
The soul that is kin to the soul in the skies.
I'm armored and strong. Let me live for the plan,
Make the city and state on the model of man!

Serve the citizen's need, think and cherish and fight
For the causes of hope and the futures of right!
And shout in my joy like a song of the sea:
"Detroit for me! Detroit for me!"

DETROIT, A MAN'S TOWN

Detroit is a man's town.
The mod'rn soul of life
Upon the Campus overflows
Resources rich and rife.
Within the class and in the mass
A spirit new doth rise;
The larger soul within the soul
Comes up in glad surprise.

Detroit is a man's town.
Life's pulse is in the air;
Great dreams of conquest and renown
Are beckoning everywhere.
Trade, science, industry and art
Uphold a blue print plan.
Unto the height with knotted might
Leaps up the soul of man.

Detroit is a man's town
She's planted on the rocks.
Her sons are armored with the strength
For elemental shocks.
Of this dynamic auto trade
Her men are engineers;
They drive these sixty horse machines
That mount the mod'rn spheres.

Detroit is a man's town;
She's calling loud for men.
Great dreams of growth and conquest new
Are bright before her ken.
"From East and West and South and North
Come, come ye great and strong!
All, all that measure up with man
I'll greet and grip with song."

DETROIT, I AM THINE

Detroit gave me birth and school,
Wrought in me craft and skill,
Oft stung to think, inspired to rule
And crown life's crested hill.
These buildings, streets and atmospheres
With magic memories twine.
When on my eye my passions cry:
"Detroit, I am thine!"

We both unto each other true
In troth and love are bound.
And every year a larger soul
Each has in other found.
I give her toil, she gives me life
And calls me when I roam.
Soul answers blest and sings with zest:
"Detroit is my home!"

Here I was strong and swift and hard,
As selfish as the rest,
Amid life's finer furniture
A scrapheap at my best.
But here was thrashed, here bowed and wept
And unto wisdom brought.
Aloud I sing and far must fling:
"Detroit has me taught!"

Thou sightest soul to yonder sky,
To virtue bendeth strife.
Doth lift unto the visions high
Whose glory crowneth life.
So living daily let me grow
To "thy" soul out of "mine;"
Shout like a peer that climbs the sphere:
"Detroit, I am thine!"

THE DETROITER'S SONG

Detroit said: "Come!" I sprang from my sleep,
A spirit of life from the infinite deep,
With passions and powers and the fulness of hope
For the courses of earth and the heavenly cope.

Detroit said: "Grow!" The tender young birth
Drew elements quick from the sky, sea and earth.
The fountains that burst and their fulness and glow
Rose bursting within as the geysers o'erflow.

Detroit said: "Learn!" I hastened to school,
A world of wild thoughts and young powers of misrule;
How patient and gentle she taught me to think
Till reading and thinking was my meat and my drink!

Detroit said: "Work!" I went to my trade,
Our craft, skill and art in my hands were inlaid.
A part I became of the factory machine
That makes and consumes in its hunger so lean.

The place of my birth and the days of my school,
The craft of my hand and the head that doth rule,
She planted me here and here sketched out the plan.
The ambitions and hopes that our youth eager scans.
I sing with the song and the strength of the free:
Detroit for me! Detroit for me!

Detroit said: "Love!" We fell into love
As into sweet seas from the heavens above.
Together we marched to the song and the fife,
The new heirs of earth and the victors of life.

Detroit said: "Laugh!" The fountains of joy
An infant birth opened with fulness to cloy.
I marched like a man and she sang like a lark,
Life, morning and eve, paused a moment to hark.

Detroit said: "Save!" We gathered and saved,
Learned self to deny and fine things that we craved;
Before us we saw a slow gathering pile
And as selfishness grew more serenely did smile.

Detroit said: "Loose!" The tempest then broke
And swept all away as the lightning the oak.
We were tortured and blind and unable to eat
For loss of the pile that had been to us meat.

Detroit said: "Rise!" We went into life
More wise from its selfishness, sorrow and strife.
We battled and lost and sore suffered and won;
Now the circles of life as the victors we run.

I'm proud of my city and glow with the glow
Of the mother's rich heart that is feeding me "go."
The punch of the strife I can take it or give
And giving or taking still better can live;
Singing free as the wind and strong as a tree:
Detroit for me! Detroit for me!

Detroit said: "See!" She lifted a plan,
Unfolding before us a new world of man.
A world in the world and a soul within soul
That spirit commands and forever doth pole.

Detroit said: "Weep!" Then the day became night,
We were blinded with tears were and palsied with blight;
We staggered and stumbled our way to the grave
And our hopes and our joys into darkness were drave.

Detroit said: "Peace!" Then the peace and the rest
Of nature and God gentle entered the breast.
New virtue was born and within us did rise
The soul that is kin to the soul in the skies.

Detroit said: "Pause!" On the Campus I stood
Where surges the sea of all evil and good.
The real that "now is" and the better "to be"
Did front me a plain as the senses can see.

Detroit said: "Think!" Then the royalest thought
From the great book of life to my spirit was taught.
And wisdom, the birth of the soul in the skies,
Did teach me the lore of the gracious and wise.

The place of rebirth and the spirit divine,
The light and the lore and the virtues that shine,
Where mortals are lost and immortals are found
And life with true glory and honor is crowned,
Another soul new now singeth to thee:
Detroit for me! Detroit for me!

Detroit said: "Fight!" On the fiercest front line
Where socialists fight for the ages divine,
'Gainst senses and greed and old giants that blight
I stood like a man with the heroes that fight.

Detroit said: "Fight!" For the church, home and school,
These centers of life and the powers that should rule,

She girded and armed and soft whispered to me:
"My honor and hope are with them and with thee."

Detroit said: Fight!" And the men and machine
That rides us with curse as like lepers unclean
Are met with the shortest and sharpest of sword
And wisdom and truth and old honor restored.

Detroit said: "Fight!" Now as long as I live
As a sacrifice pure at her altar I give.
For her virtue and grace, wealth, wisdom and state,
Will fight like the three at the old Roman gate.

I am armored and strong. Let me live for the plan,
Make the city and state on the model of man!
Serve the citizen's need, think and cherish and fight
For the causes of hope and the futures of right!
And shout in my joy like a song of the sea:
Detroit for me! Detroit for me!

A DETROIT SLOGAN SONG

"In Detroit Life is Worth Living"

Detroit is fountained for living;
Old nature there feedeth man health;
The Spirit of Life free is giving
The first and the last of all wealth.
Impulses from earth's glowing center,
Red streams from her pulsating heart
Leap up, and Detroiters enter
To make them of nature a part.
Detroit is fountained for living;
Her streams like a river doth flow;
Old nature Detroit is giving
All generous passion and glow.

Out, out of the passion so glowing,
Ambition, intelligence, dream
Spring up into being bestowing
Man's atmosphere, courage and steam.
Detroiters live as possessors,
Not dreamers and longing for life;
They measure and smile as redressors
And welcome the fiercest of strife
Detroit is fountained for living; etc.

The city in autos is riding;
Like wings of the wind they are passed;
Each man a machine swift is guiding,
They alone with themselves can be classed
The soldiers that fronteth disasters,
Civilians that serve and revere;
The toilers and thinkers and masters,
They mount up the modern sphere.
Detroit is fountained for living; etc.

Detroit is young as the morning,
Strong, social, resourceful and bright;
The robes of a splendid adorning
Are rounding her vital delight.
Awake to the future's high visions;
Immersed for a moment in strife;
Six hours for swift business decisions,
The rest for the banquet of life.
Detroit is fountained for living; etc.

DETROIT FOREVER!

Detroit hark! Detroit hark!
Great city songs are winging;
Above life's roar they sail and soar,
We hear the echoes ringing.
From coast to coast we hear the boast
But thee they vanquish never!
For I am thine and thou are mine,
Detroit mine forever!
For I am thine and thou are mine,
Detroit mine forever!

We love thy atmospheres and streets,
Homes, schools and factories glowing;
The crimson life that feeds us rife
From thy own heart is flowing.
The toiling mass, the middle class,
All genius, talent clever,
Now swell the sound and fling it round:
Detroit live forever!
Now swell the sound and give it bound;
Detroit grow forever!

Detroit or for Michigan
Or for the nation's glory,
We're always men, sword, trowel, pen,
The sons of sires in story.
For man's high cause, for nobler laws
The fulcrum place and lever!
Now with our might for God and right,
Detroit lift forever!
Now with our might for God and right,
Detroit lift forever!

Up through the years, through joy and tears
With thee we have been rising,
The double growth within us both
Has often been surprising.
The firing line doth spirits twine,
Life-comrades naught can sever!
But like the brave each other save,
Detroit mine forever!
But like the brave each other save:
Detroit mine forever!

DETROIT FOR MINE

The world with great cities is builded,
Far greater today than of old;
The domes and the arches were gilded
But now life is building with gold.
Though burnished and flashing with splendor
The old or the new on us shine,
To one my allegiance I tender,
Detroit, Detroit for mine!
Detroit, Detroit, my Mother!
Detroit, my heart and my home!
My heart still remains in Detroit
Wherever in earth I may roam.

Detroit is young, green and growing,
Bright, beautiful, happy and tall;
Her passions that crimson are glowing
The natives and strangers enthrall.
Here life at its least is worth living
And life at its best is divine;

As nature to all she is giving,
Detroit, Detroit for mine!
Detroit, Detroit, my Mother! etc.

The twin cities took from their fountains;
There Cleveland is watching in fear;
San Francisco peeps over the mountains;
The East and the South at us peer.
Uncle Sam on the Eagle is riding
Surveying his cities benign;
He shouts with a swelling and priding:
Detroit, Detroit for Mine!
Detroit, Detroit, my Mother! etc.

For Detroit, the state and the nation,
The times and the globe we will live;
Each soul in their gift and their station
The best of their best free will give.
All hail to the world and its swinging,
To all the new ages design!
Down through the far future is ringing:
Detroit, Detroit for mine!
Detroit, Detroit, my Mother!
Detroit, my heart and my home!
Detroiters march on forever
As strong as the nobles of Rome.

